







#### LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

RINGING BELLS—TOOTING WHISTLES—and here we are starting on another YEAR again. All around us we hear people saying: "My, didn't last year pass AWFULLY FAST!" WELL, FRIENDS, the SPEED of passing years means little. The IMPORTANT question to ask ourselves is: "HAVE WE MADE GOOD USE OF THEM?"

EVERY YEAR we should be able to chalk up on our personal scoreboard that we've advanced MENTALLY, MORALLY, and PHYSICALLY. A year passed without SELF IMPROVEMENT is a year wasted!

You know, sometimes you are taught in school things which you consider very silly and altogether useless. Well, Folks, we think that very few things are silly and useless. Here's the story of a SMART BOY who remembered how to find the NORTH STAR...

A party of vacationing landlubbers hired a small motorboat and went out to fish. A boy was in the party. When they were far out from land, the motor broke down. By the time it was fixed night had fallen.

They couldn't see a thing, and they had no compass.

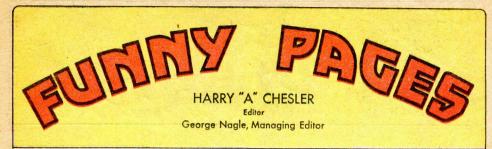
One man got the bright idea of following the NORTH
STAR. GREAT! But where was the North Star? Why, they
all agreed that it was the BRIGHTEST star in the heavens,
and alternately pointed to ARCTURUS and VEGA!

The SMART BOY remembered that the handle of the BIG DIPPER points directly to the NORTH STAR. After pointing it out to his older companions, they agreed to follow the boy's advice. Needless to say, they reached port SAFELYI

You would think that everybody on board would be awfully nervous at a time like that, but they weren't. The SMART BOY had a few copies of FUNNY PAGES, FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, STAR COMICS, and STAR RANGER along with him, and handed them out to the older folks. Reciding by lamplight, they became so ABSORBED in the EXCITING STORIES, and LAUGHED SO HEARTILY at the HILARIOUS GAGS, that they didn't have time to worry about their predicament!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!





Vol. 2, No. 5

JANUARY, 1938

10 cents



### ONTENT 5

Jest A Minute

Crusaders Aces Mollie Smart Alec His Highness Missing Links Mister Whipple

Cheerio Minstrels

Death On The Bottom Uncle Johnny's Clarinet The Great Badini Laugh & Giggle Joe Ticket Jitney Joe Kruscamp

It's Really A Fact Spots Ann How Abdallah Circus Days Gnaw & Nibble Officer Clancy Millionaire Playboy

Bingo

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Funny Pages, published monthly, at Mount Morris, III., for Octoper 1, 1937, State-of Illinois, Before me, a Notary Piblic in and for the State and county, aforefall, personally appeared Frank Z. Temerson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and skys that he Business Manager of the Funny Pages, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date snown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. to wit:

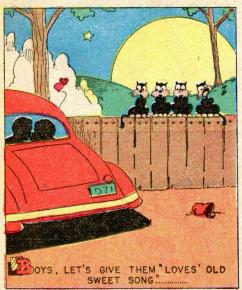
by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Fostal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing eduto, and bus ness managers are: Publisher, Ultem Publications, Inc., 404 Fourth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; Business Manager, 276 Fifth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; Managing Editor, George Nagie, 276 Fifth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; Business Manager, Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; A. 2. That the owner is: Frank Z. Temerson, 104 Fourth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & C. 2. That the owner is: Frank Z. Temerson, 104 Fourth Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C.; C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington Ayenue, N. 7, C. & C. & A. Publishing 60, 420 Lexington A

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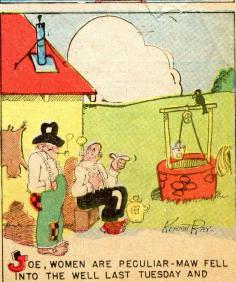
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AIN'T MADE ONE EFFORT TO GET OUT .....









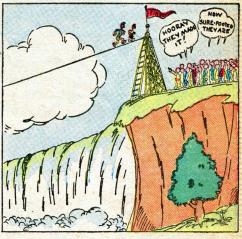


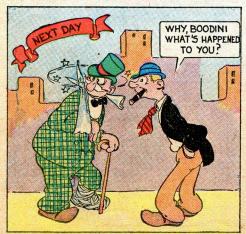






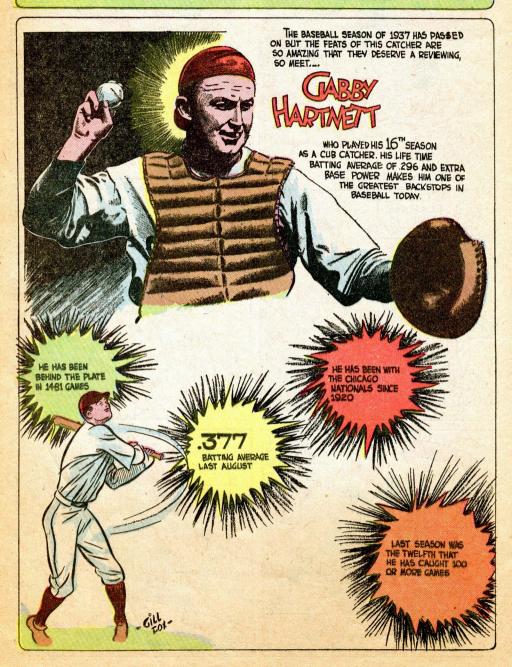








### ACES



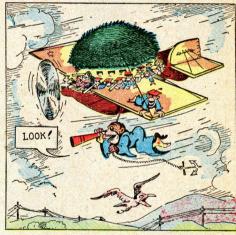
# It's Really A Fact!























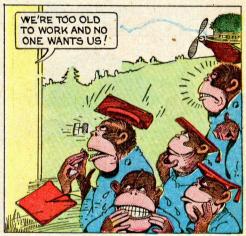


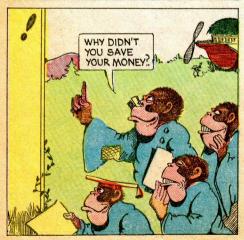


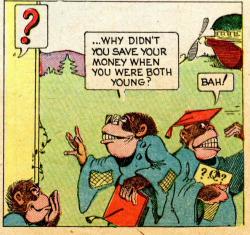


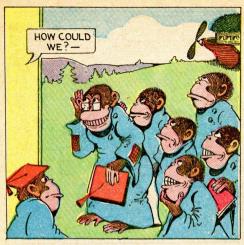












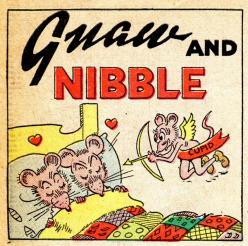


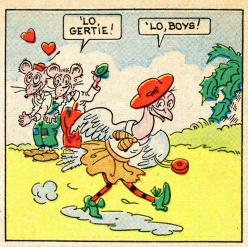


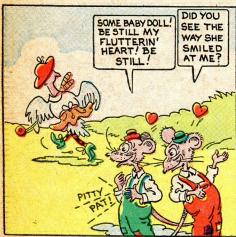


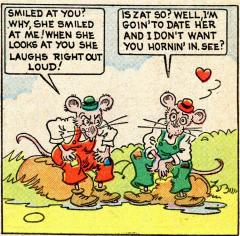




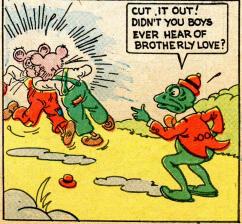










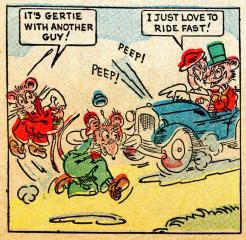


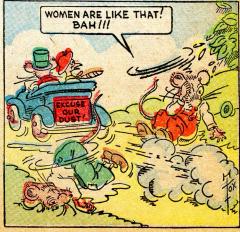


























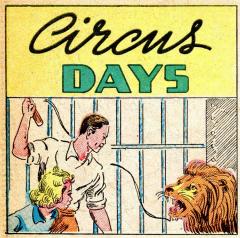










































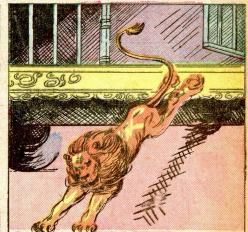
















































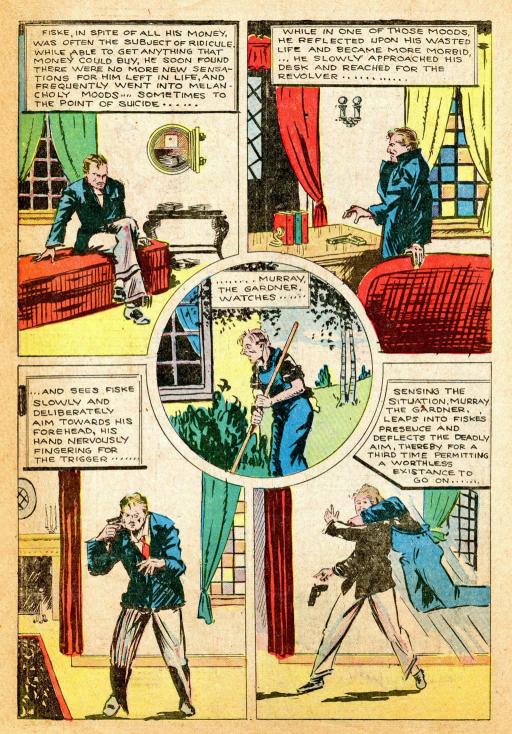




















.... SHE SEIZED FISKES

PISTOL, AND WITH A DETERMINED

RUSH, HEADED FOR HIS STUDY ....

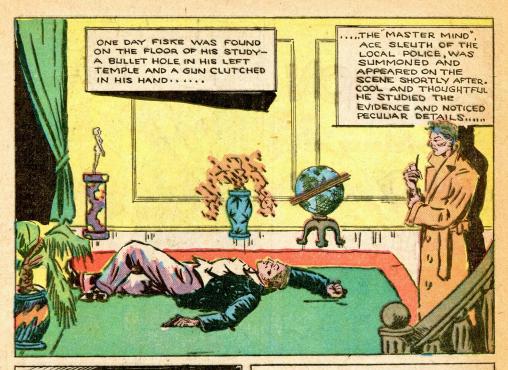


OVER HIS ACT OF LOYALTY." WHY DID HE SAVE FISKE? WHY DIDN'T HE LET GLORIA DO WHAT HE AT TIMES SECRETLY HIMSELF HAD WANTED TO DO — KILL FISKE! HE WAS TIRED OF FISKE'S RIDICULE TIRED OF BEING "THE GOAT" AND THE WHIPPING BOY OF A MERE MORTAL, WHO, RATHER THAN REWARD LOYALTY, THREW HIS WEALTH IN THE SEWER OF EXTRAVAGANCE!



.... YES, HE WAS TIRED OF IT AND THIS
SEEMED THE LOGKAL TIME TO SHOOT
FISKE .... HE WAS SAFELY HID BEHIND A
CURTAIN AND COULD EASILY OPEN A
WINDOW TO STAGE A BURGLARY... HE
COULD COUNT ON GLORIA NOT TO TELL.
FINGERING THE TRIGGER NERVOUSLY,
HE PRESSED IT BUT NO BULLET



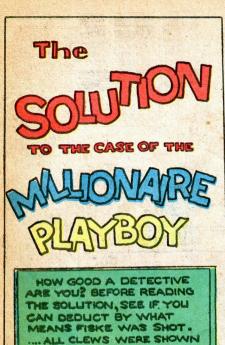


USING THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, HE EXCUSED ALL THE HELP IN THE HOUSE AT THE TIME EXCEPT THE BUTLER AND THE GIRL, WHO EACH AT DIFFERENT TIMES TRIED TO SHOOT FISKE, AND HELD THEM FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION .... THEN HE ASKED EACH TO ACCEPT A CIGARETTE .......



HE TURNED TO THE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER AND SAID .....

MORAN, FISKE WAS SHOT IN ONE
OF THREE POSSIBLE WAYS
IST. HE SHOT HIMSELF—SUICIDE
2ND. THIS GIRL SHOT HIM, OR,
3RD. THE BUTLER DID.
YOU'VE SEEN ALL THE EVIDENCE I
HAVE AND SHOULD BE ABLE TO
PICK THE RIGHT ANSWER—CAN YOU'S

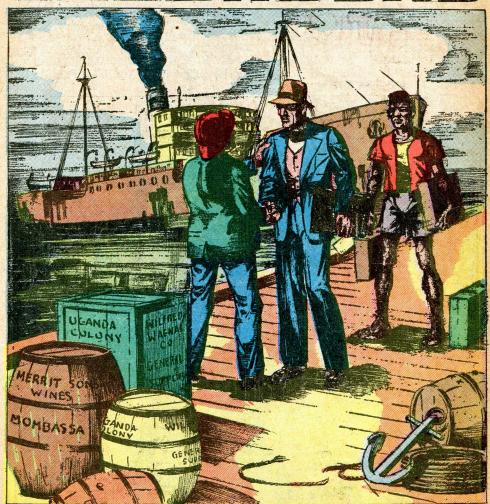








## GRUSHMERS

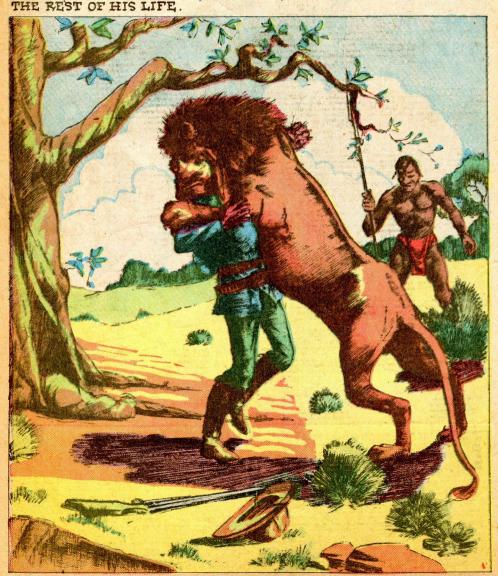


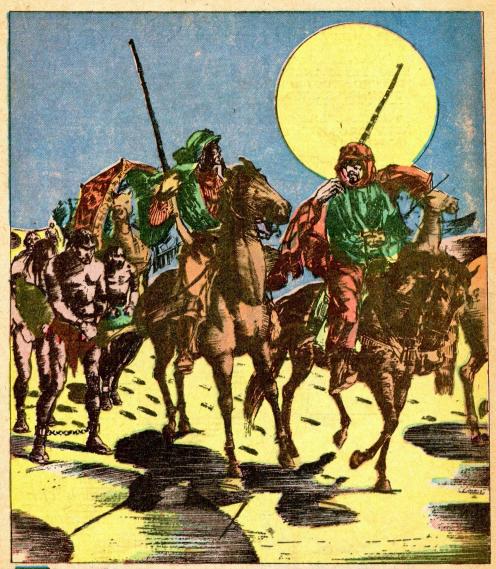
AVID LIVINGSTONE 1877

AVID LIVINGSTONE, A POOR SCOTCH BOY, WHEN ONLY TEN YEARS
OF AGE, HAD TO START WORKING IN A COTTON MILL, THE WORK

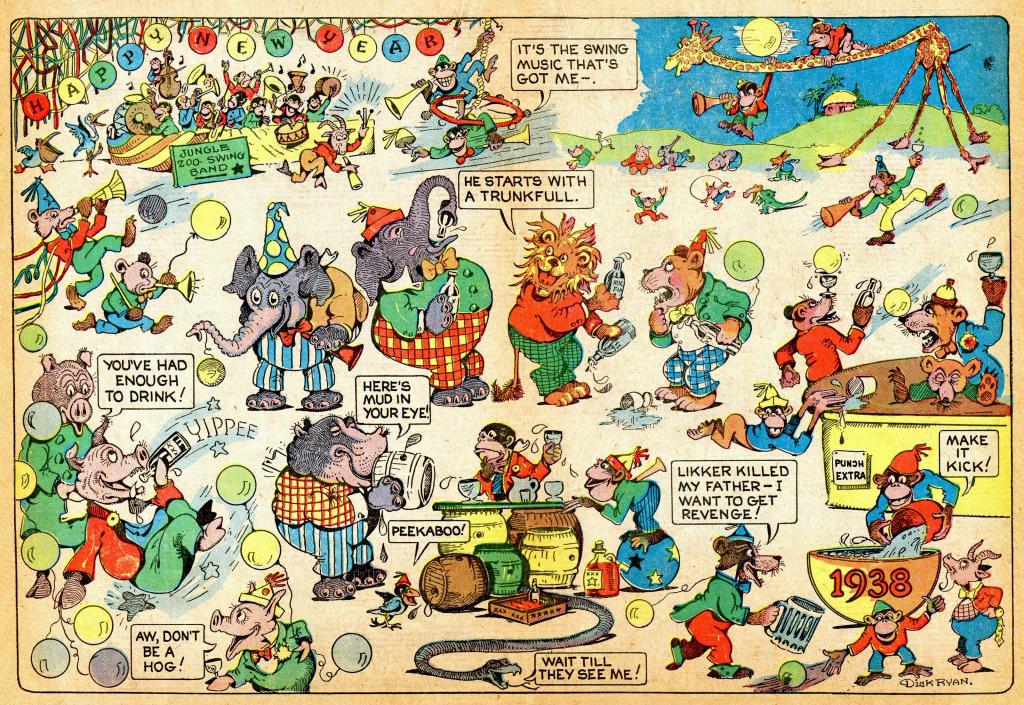
WAS HARD AND THE HOURS LONG, BUT WITH ALL THESE DIFFICULTIES, HE WAS ABLE, BY THE TIME HE REACHED TWENTY, TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR COLLEGE, HE HAD GROWN INTO A VERY THOUGHTFUL YOUNG MAN, YET CHEERFUL AND FULL OF SYMPATHY FOR THE SUFFERINGS OF OTHERS. AT THIS TIME HE RESOLVED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE ALLEVIATION OF HUMAN MISERY HE WAS EXAMINED AND EXCEPTED BY THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND IN 1841 ARRIVED IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, TO BEGIN HIS LIFE WORK.

OON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN SOUTH AFRICA HE WAS SENT 300
MILES INTO THE WILDERNESS NORTHEAST OF CAPETOWN TO ESTABLISH AN ADVANCE STATION. THE VALLEY WHERE THE COMPANY SETTLED WAS QUIET AND CHARMING, BUT INFESTED WITH LIONS WHICH ATTACKED THE HERD AND KILLED THE CATTLE, ONCE, AT A DISTANCE, OF 30 FEET LIVINGSTONE FIRED TWO SHOTS INTO THE BODY OF ONE OF THESE FEROCIOUS BEASTS. THE LION ATTACKED HIM, CRUSHING-HIM TO THE GROUND, SHAKING HIM AS A TERRIER, WOULD A RAT. HAD THE LION NOT DIED THEN OF IT'S WOUNDS, LIVINGSTONE WOULD NOT HAVE LIVED TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GREAT WORK. HIS SHOULDER HAD BEEN SO BADLY CRUSHED, HOWEVER, THAT IT TROUBLED HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

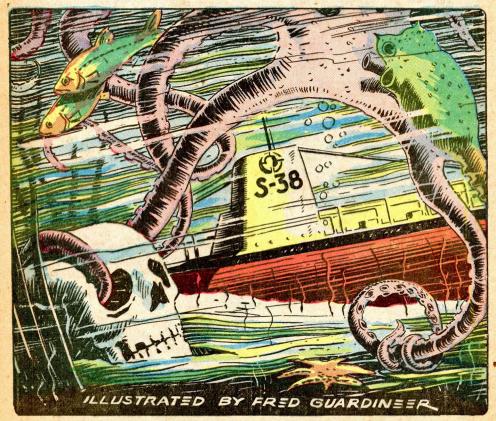




OR OVER 30 YEARS DR. LIVINGSTONE TRAVELED THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF AFRICA, CONTACTING NATIVE CHIEFS, AIDING THEM TO LIVE BETTER, AND ENGRAVING LOVE FOR HIMSELF IN THEIR, HEARTS. HE WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS ON AFRICA AND MADE NEW AND ENLIGHTENING MAPS OF THE DARK CONTINENT. BUT HE HAD IN HIS LIFE 2 GREAT OBJECTIVES. ONE WAS THE ABOLITION OF ARAB SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA, WHICH, BY HIS VIVID ACCOUNT OF SLAVE RAIDS, WRITTEN AND SENT TO ENGLAND, HE WAS ABLE TO HELP STAMP OUT; THE OTHER, WAS THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE, WHICH HE DIED BEFORE ACCOMPLISHING, FEAR, FOR, LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY CAUSED AN EXPEDITION TO AFRICA TO BE MADE HEADED BY SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY. AFTER A LONG DANGEROUS JOURNEY STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE ILL AND DYING. BUT LIVINGSTONE WOULD NOT RETURN TO ENGLAND. HE PREFERRED TO DIE IN THE LAND HE LOVED.







#### SYNOPSIS OF PART 1

Dave Dean, adventurer, has been made a special agent in the United States Intelligence Service to investigate the mysterious sinking of the Submarine S.38 on her experimental first voyage. Dave has taken the assignment because a close friend of his 13v Conors, was a member of the crew that died. Dave found Connor's body floating on the surface; other members of the crew had perished inside the S.38. Elisha Abbott, inventor of the submarine, the navigator, the engineer and three members of the crew had escaped, however, and Dave suspects murder. In the guise of a lieutenant in the United States Navy, Dave has himself assigned to the second submarine.

He is in the torpedo room of the S.39, far below the surface when the lights go out and someone tries to force his body into a torpedo tube. After a desperate fight, he wins a temporary victory and the lights go on again.

There is no trace of the assailant sand no clue to his identity. Everyone is a suspect. All Dave is sure of is that a murderer is aboard and death lurks close at hand.

## PART II

Commander Evans gasped in horror. He walked over to Dave.

"And the two that are in working condition belong to whom?" he demanded. "The killer would provide a good one for himself and faulty ones for those he hoped would die.'

"Abbott's is all right," Dave said bluntly. "So is yours, Mr. Capen. I can hardly suspect that Abbott would try to sink his own submarine, but you, Capen-you're an engineer. It's possible that you may have learned the new, secret devices on this craft. Perhaps you hope to sink this tub too, murder everyone aboard, but reach the surface yourself. We're in deep water, too many fathoms deep to ever hope to recover the sub or even reach it with divers. You could easily construct a new craft and sell it."

Capen was growing deathly pale while Dave spoke. His big head wagged up and down in full agreement. "You're right," he admitted. "I could do that. Only Abbott and I know the secrets of this craft. I could build another and make a lot of money if Abbott died-but I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't sink this sub-murder everyone aboard."

Bainter, his eyes wide in horror at the impending disaster, curled his big hands into

fists. He stepped before Capen.

"How do we know you wouldn't?" he demanded. "Your safety lungs are all right. That's evidence enough for me. I ought to strangle you. I ought to make you put on one of those useless lungs and be shot to the surface to see how you like dying of the bends or from drowning.'

"Cut it out," Dave said. "We'll get nowhere fighting. What we must do-and mighty fast -is bring this sub to the surface where we'll

have a chance if anything happens." Bainter sprang toward the phones, He

called the engine rooms.

"Prepare to rise," he shouted. "Float all

ballast tanks."

The submarine began to throb as the Diesel engines started to pump air into the ballast tanks, driving the water out and lightening the sub. Bainter, listening at the phone suddenly jerked erect. The stool on which he sat flew backwards. His face had gone deathly white.

"Something's happened to the air lines," he gasped. "The pump's can't force the water

out of the ballast tanks."

Dave shouted an order to quiet the men aboard. "We're still safe," he yelled. "If we don't lose our heads, we can repair the damage to the air lines or at least sail toward shore where the water is shallow and we can take our chances on getting to the surface."

"We're doomed," Abbott moaned fretfully. "We can't do it, I tell you. We're as good as dead right now. And you're responsible,

Capen. You're the man who did this."



Commander Evans stepped close to Dave. "Any plans?" he asked in a steady voice. "We could put full speed ahead for shore, send one man up with one of those good lungs and let him try to swim to shore and get help. A diver could bring us new safety lungs."

"That wouldn't get our killer," Dave told him. "You stay here. Take my gun. If anybody makes a move, let him have it. I'm going on another inspection tour. This time I'll take Bainter with me. Watch Abbott and Capen

closely."

With Bainter leading the way, Dave went first to the battery rooms where he reassured the crew. They retraced their steps toward the stern, passed through the engine room, the motor room and into the steering room. Two men were there, one listening over the phone for orders, the other at the wheel.

"Could anyone smash a hole in the side of

the sub?" Dave asked the navigator.

Bainter laughed. "Not if he spent ten years at it. The hull of this sub is made of battle-ship steel—only a direct hit from a heavy shell would smash it. This is the greatest submarine ever constructed, Lieutenant."

"That's what the man who sank the S-39 thinks too," Dave observed. "We're at the stern. From this point we will make a search of every inch of the ship. If the lights go out, stand right where you are and keep calling my name so I won't mistake you for the killer. Ready?"

"All ready, Lieutenant," Bainter said. "If

there's a bomb aboard, I'll find it."

But thirty minutes later they were back in the control room with the others. They had discovered nothing. The sub had been under water for almost two hours and the atmosphere was stuffy and hot. Coats were peeled off by all but Abbott. He seemed incapable of even helping himself be comfortable. Fear burned in his deep set eyes and he kept watching the gauges.

"You found nothing?" Commander Evans asked. He sighed deeply when Dave shook his head negatively. "It looks as though we're licked. We can't pump water out of the ballast tanks to lift our ship. We're thirty or forty fathoms under the surface and our masks are useless. We can't remain here forever. The oxygen supply will give out sooner

or later."

Dave was looking around the room. Capen, Bainter and Abbott were talking softly near the periscope. Suddenly Dave's eyes flashed wide. He grabbed Commander Evans by the arm and pulled him apart from the others. He spoke in clipped tones for five minutes while Evans gasped in amazement.

Finally the Naval Officer agreed. Dave

walked toward Bainter.

"I'm going back to the torpedo room," he said. "There may be a clue there. We must find the man who plugged the airlines and the masks. He'll know how to fix them and if he refuses—he'll die with the rest of us.





I'll see to that. Come along, Bainter. I may need some technical advice."

Back in the torpedo room Dave bent down and made a rigid examination of the tubes. He swung the breech in and out several times and took especial notice of the thin film of almost colorless grease that coated the entire mechanism.

"Lieutenant," Bainter grabbed at a torpedo rack for support. "Don't you feel it? The submarine is moving. Good Heavens it's going down! Down I tell you! The deck is sloped. We're going to the bottom!"

"Back to the control room," Dave ordered.

"Hurry!"

They raced through the battery compartment where the crew, white faced and badly shaken had also guessed that the ship was headed for the bottom. Dave spoke words of encouragement to the men as he passed through. In the control room Abbott was no longer able to be of any assistance. Commander Evans stood beside the telephones. Capen was watching the depth gauge with a worried eye.

"What's happened?" Bainter cried as he barged into the small room, "Why are we

sinking?"

"I'll tell you," Dave snapped. "Because we're simply providing a grave for ourselves and for the man who is responsible for this. Bainter—you know more of this affair than anyone else. You're supposed to be Abbott's navigator only. You were not permitted to make detailed examinations of the craft, but you did. You displayed that to me as we searched the ship, for you knew every inch of her, as you boasted. Even to knowledge, supposed to be secret, concerning the construction of the hull."

Bainter walked backward slowly, until his shoulder struck the ladder leading to the conning tower and the hatch. His features contorted themselves into lines of hatred.

"You're crazy," he yelled. "Why should I want to sink this ship while I'm aboard it? I'm in just as much danger as you are."

"I'll say you are," Dave answered coolly. "You think you can escape all right. You've got a mask to slip over your face when you get through the hatch. That's more than any of the rest of us have—except one man who is lucky enough to lay hands on the second good mask. You want one person to live besides, yourself. Someone who can testify that you had nothing to do with the sinking of the sub and you were in as much danger as the rest of us."

Bainter's right hand darted for his hip pocket and came away with a heavy automatis

in his grip.

"All right," he snapped, "have it that way then. Now, not one of you will live. You'll all go to the bottom and rot there. You'll scream for air, but there won't be any. You'll try to get the ballast tanks working, but

you won't because the lines are cut and part of the tubing destroyed. There is no more aboard. I'll reach the surface safely and be picked up by your patrol boat."

"That's where you'll make a mistake," Dave never budged an inch. The others in the control room had their hands high above their heads for murder shone brilliantly in Bainter's red rimmed eyes.

"When they spot you, they'll send down divers," Dave went on. "We can tap on the side of the hull and make the divers understand what has happened. You'll hang, Bainter. They'll walk you up on a scaffold and drop the floor from under your feet."

Bainter laughed with sadistic glee. "No diver will learn anything from you," he snarled. "It will take them a long time to get a diver ready to send down and in ten minutes there won't be a submarine left. Nothing left, understand? You'll go down as the S-38 went down. There'll be a gaping hole in the side of the sub. Water will pour-in. Tons of it. It will break down the bulkhead doors unless you have time to bolt them and you won't because you'll be looking for the bomb. While I—I'll be telling them on board that cutter that something happened and only I could escape."

He seized the hand rail of the ladder and began mounting it, keeping his gun toward the men in the control room every moment. Near the top he pulled a safety lung from beneath his shirt and began to slip it clumsily over his face.

"So you're going into the conning tower,

open the main hatch and let the compressed air shoot you up," Dave said with a half smile. "I wouldn't try it, Bainter. Not until you've looked at the depth gauge. We're almost a hundred fathoms down. You'll be crushed like a match the instant you shoot out of the hatch."

Bainter's hand, holding the safety lung, lowered slowly while a look of ludicrous horror stole over his face. With a wild yell he leaped to the deck of the control room, kept his gun ready and sidestepped to the depth gauge. He turned his head to look at it and Dave sprang.

Bainter pulled the trigger of his gun twice. Dave felt the sting of a bullet as it ripped through his side, but nothing could stop him now. His left hand grabbed the gun, pushed it toward the ceiling and held it there while his right fist slammed blow after blow into the pit of Bainter's stomach.

The killer kicked and squirmed in his attempt to get back and bring the gun into play. Commander Evans was sighting a service automatic and his finger was white on the trigger.

"Don't shoot him," Dave gasped. "We need him-alive!"

Bainter let go the gun and sailed into Dave with both fists flying. He centered his attack on Dave's already wounded side and the Naval Intelligence officer groaned as the savage blows landed and made blood flow freely.

Dave suddenly stepped back a pace. Bainter, intent on getting in a telling blow, lost his balance for a moment. Dave swung





hard. His fist jerked erect, his head flew back and he sank limply to the steel deck.

"We've got to bring him around," Dave dropped to his knees beside Bainter. "He's got to tell us where that bomb is hidden. I searched the sub and I couldn't find it. Only

he knows where he concealed it."

He shook Bainter savagely, slapped his face and jerked him into a sitting position. Capen disappeared for a moment. He returned with a bucket of water. He sloshed this across Bainter's face. The killer opened his eyes slowly.

"Where's that bomb hidden?" Dave cried.
"Hurry, man—you've been unconscious for a
minute or two and we fought for almost five.

It will go off soon."

"I won't tell you," Bainter answered

savagely.

"Then you'll go down with us," Dave said between his teeth. "You'll suffer all the agonies you described for us. The water—lack of air—slow death."

Bainter turned deathly pale. "It's—it's one of the torpedoes," he gasped. "The third from the left in the starboard rack. Hurry—hurry! It's almost time. Don't let it go off! Save me—you've got to save me. I set the timing on it while I helped you search the sub."

Dave darted through the door. When he returned a few minutes later, he was breath-

ing hard.

"It was a time attachment hooked to the explosive chamber of a torpedo," he said. "No wonder we couldn't find it. Commander

-is everything in hand?"

"Working nicely." Commander Evans waved from his position beside the radio desk. He had an earphone strapped to his head. "The cutter above us is using her oscillator to send down messages. They're lowering a diver to find out why we haven't come up."

"Great," Dave exulted. "When he taps on

the hull, we'll answer him. He can bring down an air hose on his second trip. We'll hook it direct to the ballast tanks and float them that way. It will take us hours, but we've oxygen enough now. How is Bainter?"

"Too well," Capen broke in. "We ought to put him in one of the torpedo tubes and let him go the same way he planned to dis-

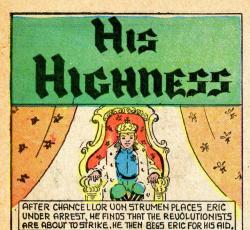
pose of you."

"How in the world did you ever guess it was Bainter?" Commander Evans asked. "Of course you were perfectly right when you revealed that he knew too much about the sub. I suppose his object was to destroy this craft and its inventor. Then he could pretend to construct another from memory, but I'll wager he has a copy of the plans."

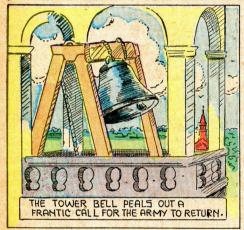
"I knew it was Bainter when he went into the torpedo room the last time," Dave explained. "When Bainter stuffed me into the tube-as he did poor Connors-I managed to get in a punch to his middle. That was after I tried to pull myself out of the tube. Well -my hands became covered with a light oil from the breech and the tube. When I hit Bainter he had his coat open and I left a nice oily mark on his shirt. I didn't see it until he removed his coat when the temperature in the sub went sky high. The only place that particular kind of grease is used is on the torpedo tubes and it pointed a finger right at Bainter. He shorted the lights. tried to project me out of the tube and return to another part of the sub before he rejoined the others. He knocked Capen cold at the same time. For awhile I really suspected you, Capen."

The engineer broke into a wide smile.

"And I didn't know you were an Intelligence Officer until Commander Evans told me just a few minutes ago. I figured you for the man who was trying to scuttle this submarine."







































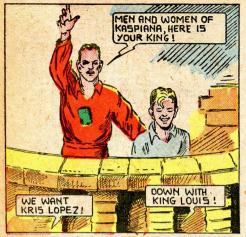














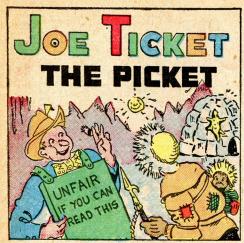


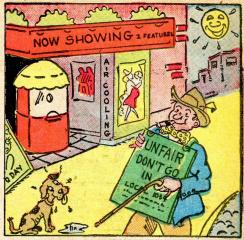






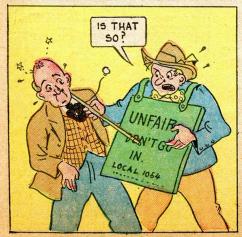
NO. - BECAUSE OF HIS LEADERSHIP ABILITY KRIS WAS MADE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, IN ERIC'S PLACE - IN THE NEXT ISSUE THERE WILL BE A NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURE OF LOUIS, THE BOY KING.











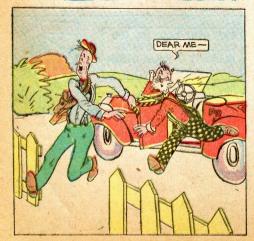


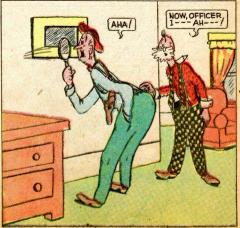




















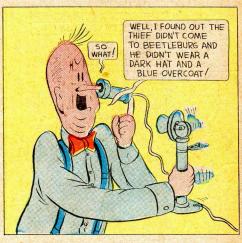






















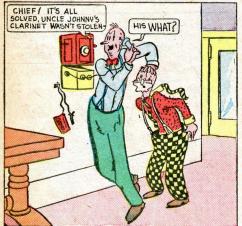




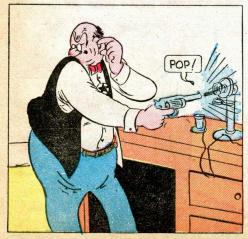




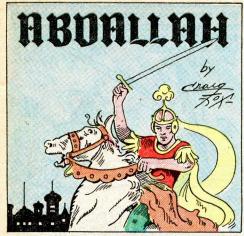


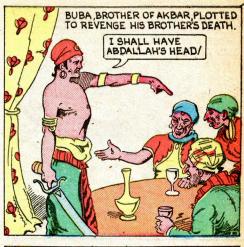
















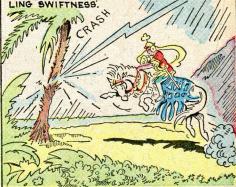




A BLAST OF THUNDER OVERHEAD RUMBLED BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE SKY.—ABDALLAH PAID NO HEED, HIS ONLY THOUGHT BEING TO REACH HIS FATHER.



WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE HEAVENS OPENED WIDE AND SPOUTED VOLUMES OF RAIN TOTHE EARTH BELOW, LIGHTNING STRUCK WITH STARTLING SWIFTNESS.



THE DEAFENING SOUNDS OF THE RAGING STORM BROUGHT TERROR TO THE HEART OF THE FAITHFUL WHITE CHARGER.



BLINDED BY REPEATED FLASHES OF LIGHTNING BEFORE HIM, THE HORSE STUMBLED AND FELL, HURLING HIS MASTER OVER THE CHIEF TO THE



ABDALLAH STRUGGLED TO THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, ONLY TO BE MET BY A GIGANTIC SEA SERPENT. AS THE FEROCIOUS CREATURE CHARGED, ABDALLAH DREW HIS SWORD.



HA! THE SEA AND THE SERPENT HAVE SAVED US THE TROUBLE ABDALLAH IS DEAD! NOW, THE BEAUTIFULL PRINCESS SHALL BE MINE!



BUBA FINDS ABDALLAN'S HELMET, WHICH FLOATED TO SHORE DURING HIS BATTLE WITH THE SEA MONSTER, AND BELIEVES HE HAD DROWNED.









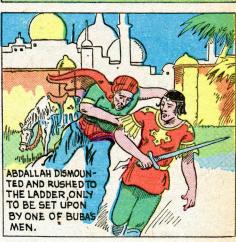








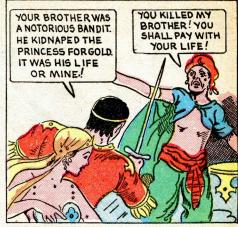






















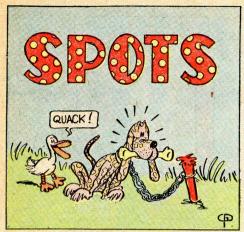


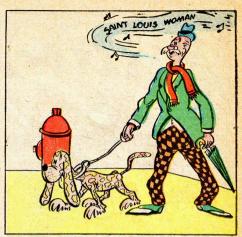




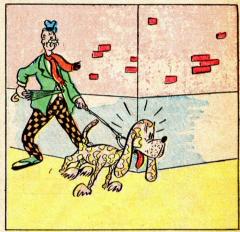




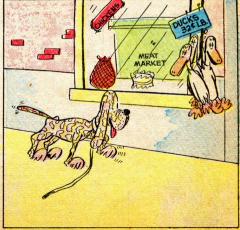




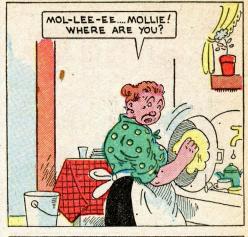








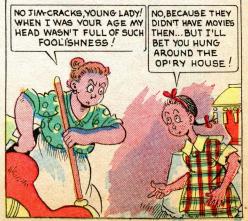






































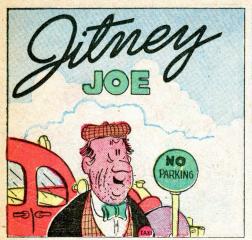






































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